A new and better

MOTHER GOOSE

$1.75

MOTHER GOOSE

Arranged by Emma M. Bolenius and M. B. George

HERE is a new edition of the favorite rhymes of childhood that is different from all others in every way except text.

Miss Bolenius and Miss George, well known for their successful children's books, have divided the Mother Goose rhymes by subject and added helpful suggestions to the young reader for little plays, cut-outs, drawings, etc., based on the old verses.

The result is not only a new and better Mother Goose but a book that will provide endless entertainment for the little folks.

A notable feature of the edition is the many beautiful pictures in full color by Gustaf Tenggren, one of the most noted of present-day illustrators.

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MOTHER GOOSE BOOK

BY
EMMA MILLER BOLENIUS
AND
MARION GEORGE KELLOGG

ILLUSTRATED BY
GUSTAF TENGGREN

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MOTHER GOOSE'S
HELPERS

Where is the Pussy Cat?

About Baby

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Tumble down D.
The cat's in the cupboard,
And can't see me.

Great A, little a,
Bouncing B;
The cat's in the cupboard,
And she can't see.

Something to do

Draw A, B, C, and D.
Draw a big cat.
Give the Pussy Cat a name.

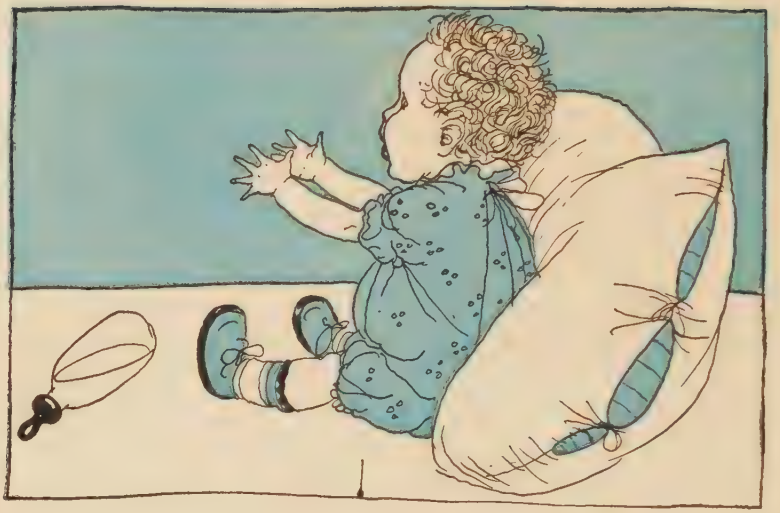
How many days
Has my baby to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

What do you like to play with?
Draw it.

Lady-bird, lady-bird,
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
Your children will burn.

All but one,
That lies under a stone,
Fly away home, lady-bird,
Ere it be gone.

Draw a little house on fire.
Draw the lady-bird flying home.



Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,
Baker's man,
Pat me a cake
As fast as you can.

Pit it and pat it
And mark it with B,
And put it in the oven
For Baby and me.

Draw a big cake, and put your name on it.

Rock-a-by, Baby,
In the tree top.
When the bough bends,
The cradle will rock.

When the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall,
And down will come baby,
Cradle, and all.

Draw a big tree.
Draw a cradle under the tree.
Color the tree green.
Color the cradle brown.

Come to the window,
My baby, with me,
And look at the stars
That shine on the sea!

There are two little stars
That play at bo-peep
With two little fish
Far down in the deep;

And two little frogs
Cry *neap, neap, neap;*
I see a dear baby
That should be asleep.

Make a big yellow star.
Color two little fishes orange.
Make a big green frog.
Give the baby a name.

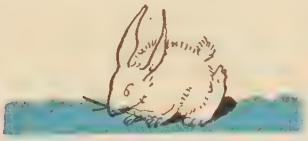
Find the frogs, the fishes, and the stars.

O, look at the moon,
She is shining up there.
O mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air.

Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow.
But now she's grown bigger
And round like an O.

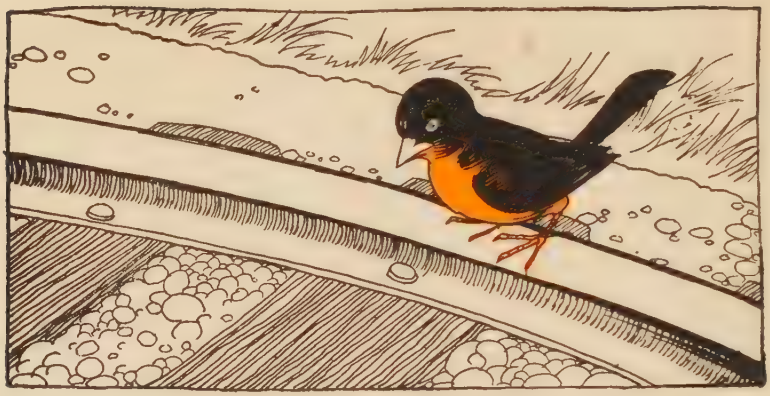
Make a moon like a bow.

Bye, Baby Bunting!
Father's gone a-hunting
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap his Baby Bunting in.



Draw a big rabbit.
Color the rabbit brown.
Make up a name for the rabbit.

About Birds



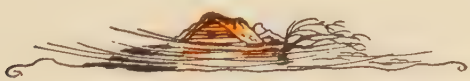
Little Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a rail.
Niddle, naddle, went his head,
Wiggle, waggle, went his tail.

Pit, pat, well-a-day,
Little Robin flew away.
Where can little Robin be?
Gone into the cherry tree.

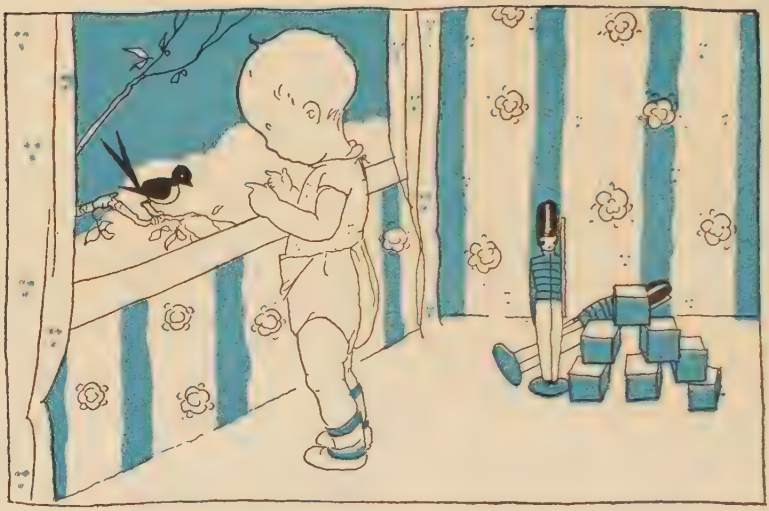
Draw little Robin Redbreast and color him.

The north wind doth blow.
We soon shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!

He'll sit in the barn
To keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing.
Poor thing!

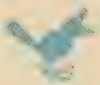


Cut out a big barn.



Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop.
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"

I was going to the window
To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.

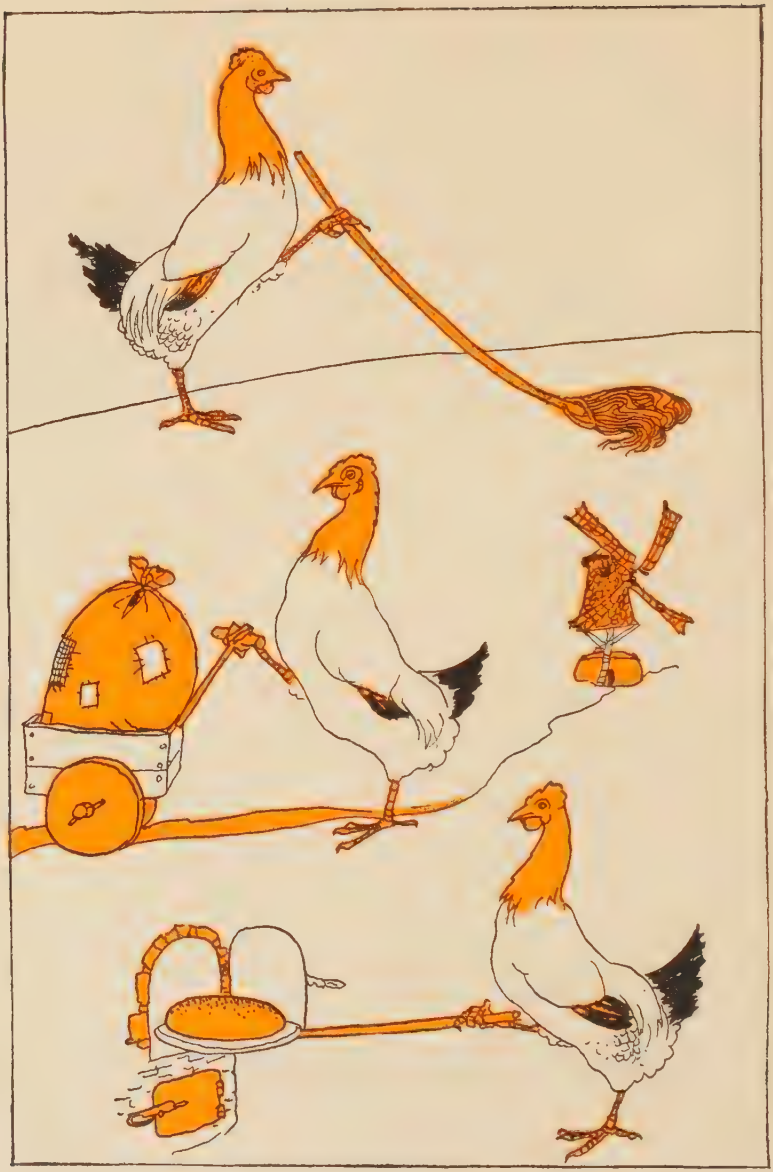


Draw a little blue bird and color it.

There were two blackbirds
Sitting on a hill,
The one named Jack,
The other named Jill.

Fly away, Jack,
Fly away, Jill.
Come back, Jack,
Come back, Jill.

Draw two blackbirds.
Write a name under each bird.



Find what the little hen did.

I had a little hen,
The prettiest ever seen,
She washed me the dishes
And kept the house clean.

She went to the mill
To fetch me some flour,
She brought it home
In less than an hour.

She baked me my bread,
She brewed me my ale.
She sat by the fire
And told many a tale.

Play that you are the hen.
Wash the dishes.
Clean the house.
Go to the mill.

There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made
Of lead, lead, lead.

He went to the brook,
And saw a little duck,
And shot it right through
The head, head, head.

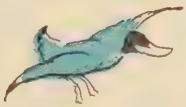
He carried it home
To his old wife Joan,

And bade her a fire
To make, make, make,

And roast the little duck
He had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch
The drake, drake, drake.

The drake was swimming,
With his curly tail,
The little man made it
His mark, mark, mark.

But he let off his gun
And he fired it too soon,
And the drake flew away
With a quack, quack, quack.



Draw the little man and the duck.

There was an owl lived in an oak,
Wisky, wasky, weedle!
And every word he ever spoke
Was "Fiddle, faddle, feedle."

Make a big green tree.
Make a little green tree.
Make a big owl.
Make a little owl.
Write what the big owl said.

Higglety Pigglety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen.
Sometimes nine and sometimes ten,
Higglety, Pigglety, my black hen.

Draw ten big eggs.
Color five eggs red.
Color five eggs blue.
Then cut them out.

Little Robin Redbreast
Sat up in a tree.
Up went Pussy Cat,
And down went he.

Down went Pussy Cat.
Away Robin ran.
Said little Robin Redbreast,
"Catch me if you can."

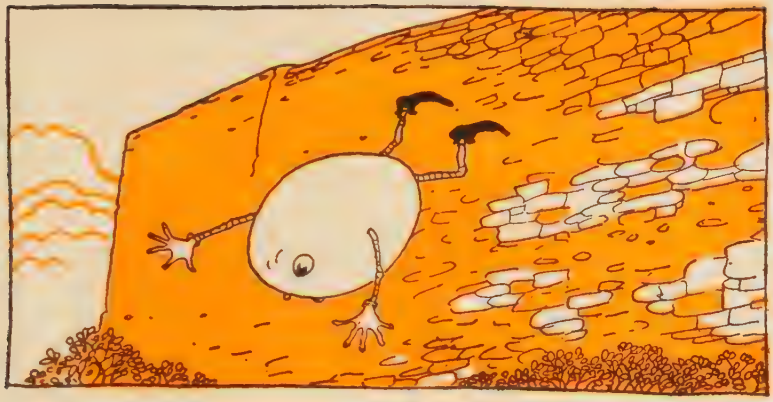
Little Robin Redbreast
Jumped on a wall.
Pussy Cat jumped after him
And got a little fall.

Little Robin chirped and sang,
And what did Pussy say?
Pussy Cat said, "Mew, mew!"
And Robin flew away.

Cut out a little Pussy Cat.

One, two,
Buckle my shoe.
Three, four,
Shut the door.
Five, six,
Pick up sticks.
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight.
Nine, ten,
A big fat hen.

Draw a big fat hen.

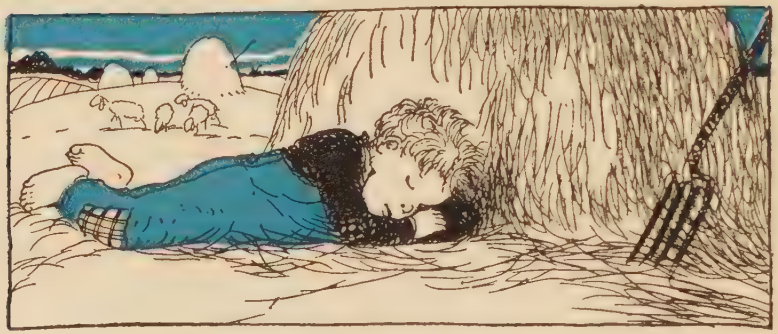


Humpty Dumpty
Sat on a wall.
Humpty Dumpty
Had a great fall.

All the king's horses,
All the king's men,
Could not put Humpty Dumpty
Together again.

Draw Humpty Dumpty on the wall.

About Farm Animals



Little Boy Blue,
Come blow your horn.
The sheep are in the meadow.
The cows are in the corn.

Is this the way
You mind your sheep?
Under the haystack
Fast asleep?

Draw Little Boy Blue and color him.
Draw the sheep and color them.

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone,
and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamed she heard them bleating,
But when she awoke,
she found it a joke,
For still they all were a-fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them.
She found them, indeed,
but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

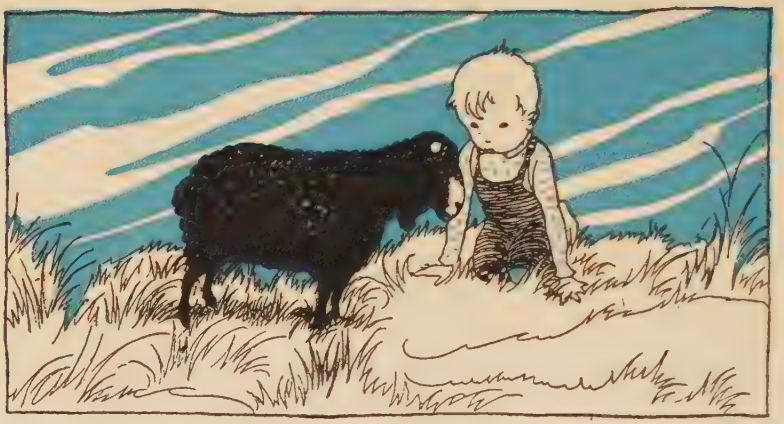
Draw Bo-Peep and her sheep.

Cows in the corn-field!
Run, boys, run.
Fire on the mountain!
Run, boys, run.

Draw a corn-field.
Draw two boys running after a cow.
Draw a mountain on fire.
Color them all.

A little boy crept into a barn,
And lay down on the hay.
A cow came out to smell about,
And the little boy ran away.

Make a barn.
Draw a boy asleep on some hay.
Draw a big cow.
Color them.



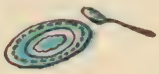
Baa, baa, Black Sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, sir! Yes, sir!
Three bags full.

One for my master,
One for my dame,
And one for the little boy
That lives in the lane.

Cut out three bags of wool.
Number the three bags.

Hey, diddle, diddle!
The cat and the fiddle!
The cow jumped
Over the moon.

The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away
With the spoon.



Cut out a dish.
Make it laugh.
Cut out a spoon.

To market, to market,
To buy a fat pig.
Home again, home again,
Juggety-jig.

To market, to market,
To buy a fat hog.
Home again, home again,
Jiggety-jog.

To market, to market,
To buy a plum bun.
Home again, home again,
Market is done.

Play that you go to market.
Buy a fat pig.
Buy a fat hog.
Buy a plum bun.

Find what they got at market.

This little pig went to market.
This little pig stayed at home.
This little pig had bread and butter.
This little pig had none.
This little pig cried, "Wee, wee, wee!"
all the way home.

Play what the little pigs did.

Dickery, dickery, dare!
The pig flew up in the air.
The man in brown
Soon brought him down,
Dickery, dickery, dare!

Draw a pig and cut it out.
Draw a man and cut him out.

Upon my word and honor!
As I went to Bonner,
I met a pig
Without a wig.
Upon my word and honor!

A little pig found
A fifty dollar note,
And bought him a hat
And a very fine coat.

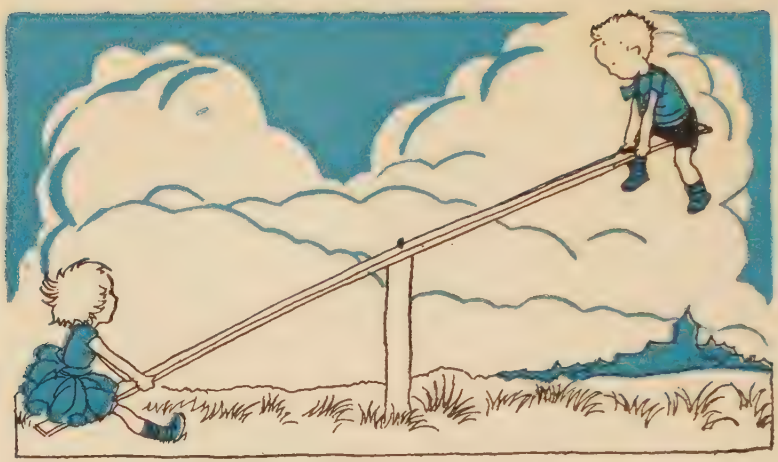
Draw a pig in a hat and a coat.

About Boys and Girls

What are little boys made of?
Snarls and snails,
And puppy dogs' tails,
That's what little boys are made of.

What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice,
And everything nice,
That's what little girls are made of.

Draw a little boy and a little girl.
Name them.

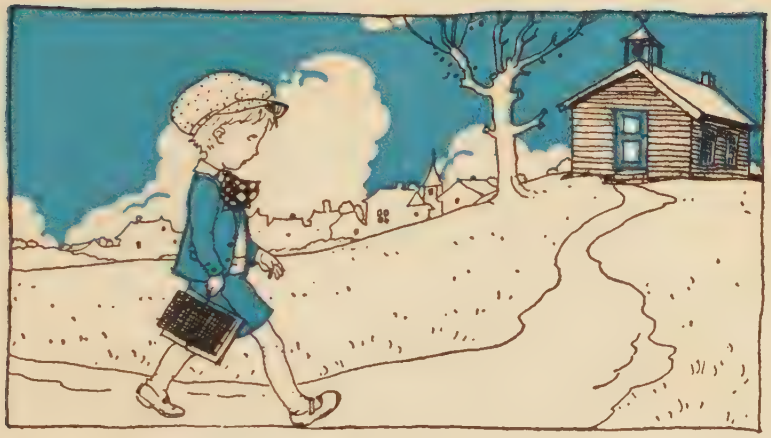


See-saw, up and down!
Which is the way to London town?

See-saw, up and down!
This is the way to London town.

One foot up, the other foot down!
This is the way to London town.

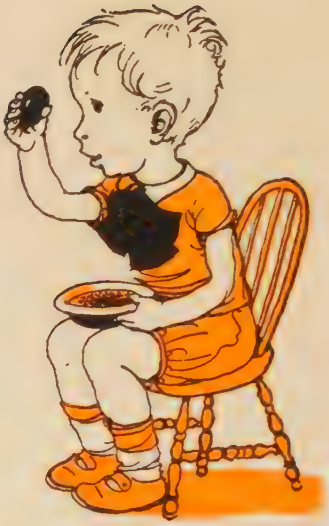
Draw a see-saw and color it.
Put a girl down and a boy up.



A dillar, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?

You used to come
At ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

Cut out a clock.
Make it say 10 o'clock.
Cut out another clock.
Make that one say 12 o'clock.



Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie.

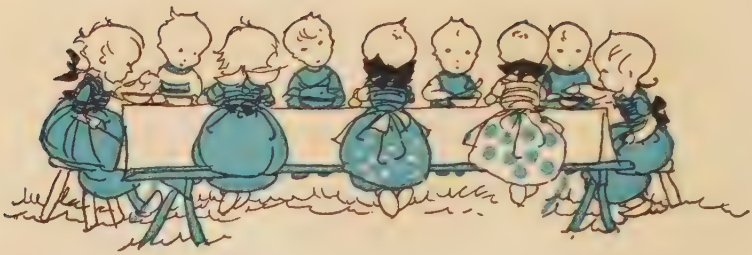
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

Cut out a big Christmas pie.
Draw and color Little Jack Horner.

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey.

Along came a spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Draw and color Miss Muffet eating.
Draw and color the spider that frightened her.



There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe.
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do.

She gave them some broth
Without any bread.
Then spanked them all soundly
And put them to bed.

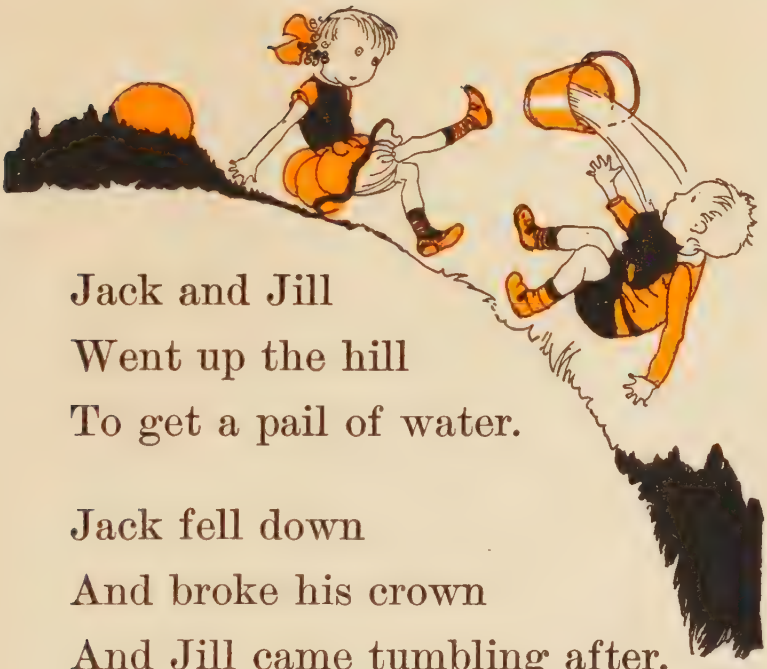
Cut out a bed.
Cut out a table.
Cut out a shoe.
Cut out a house.

Find who lived in this house.

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea
Silver buckles at his knee.
He'll come back and marry me
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's young and fair
Combing out his yellow hair
He's my love forever more
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

Draw Bobby Shaftoe in a boat.
Color Bobby and the boat.



Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To get a pail of water.

Jack fell down
And broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.

Jack, be nimble.
Jack, be quick.
Jack, jump over
The candle-stick.

Cut out a pail.
Cut out a candle-stick.

Here am I,
Little Jumping Joan.
When nobody's with me,
I'm always alone.

Lucy Locket lost a pocket.
Kitty Fisher found it.
Not a penny was there in it,
But a ribbon round it.

Daffy-down-dilly
Has come to town
In a fine petticoat
And a green gown.

Play each of these little girls.

Curly-Locks! Curly-Locks!
Wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes,
Nor yet feed the swine,

But sit on a cushion,
And sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries,
Sugar and cream.

Color three strawberries on a dish.

Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders,
Warming her pretty little toes.

Her mother came and caught her,
And whipped her little daughter
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

Cut out some clothes for Polly.
Color one dress red.
Color one dress blue.
Color one dress green.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife, and couldn't keep her.
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had another and didn't love her.
Peter learned to read and spell,
And then he loved her very well.

Color a great big pumpkin.

Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
When the girls came out to play,
Georgie Porgie ran away!

Solomon Grundy,
Born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday.
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

Draw Georgie running away.

Diddle, diddle, dumpling!
My son John
Went to bed
With his stockings on.

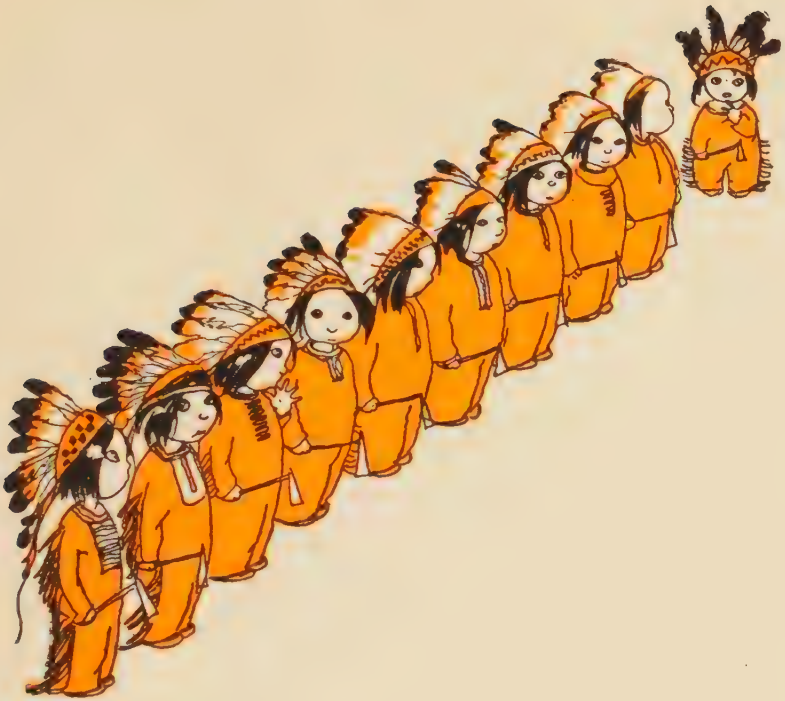
One shoe off,
One shoe on.
Diddle, diddle, dumpling!
My son John.

Draw two shoes and cut them out.

TEN LITTLE INDIANS

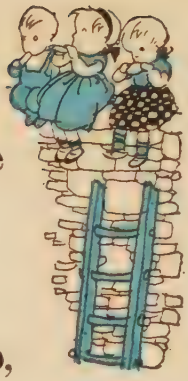
One little,
two little,
three little Indians.
Four little,
five little,
six little Indians.
Seven little,
eight little,
nine little Indians.
Ten little Indian boys.

Ten little,
nine little,
eight little Indians.
Seven little,
six little,
five little Indians.



Four little,
three little,
two little Indians.
One little Indian boy.

Draw ten Indian boys and number them.



Boys and girls,
Come out to play.
The moon does shine
As bright as day.
Leave your supper
And leave your sleep,
And come to your playfellows
In the street.

Come with a whoop
And come with a call.
Come with a good will
Or come not at all.
Up the ladder
And down the wall.
A halfpenny roll
Will serve us all.

Play that you have a party.

Wee Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs,
In his nightgown.

Tapping at the window,
Crying at the lock,
"Are the children all in bed?
Now it's eight o'clock."

Play Wee Willie Winkie.

About Eating Times

The Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts
All on a summer's day.

The Knave of Hearts,
He stole the tarts
And took them clean away.

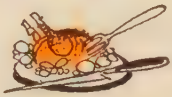
The King of Hearts
Called for the tarts
And beat the knave full sore.

The Knave of Hearts
Brought back the tarts
And vowed he'd steal no more.

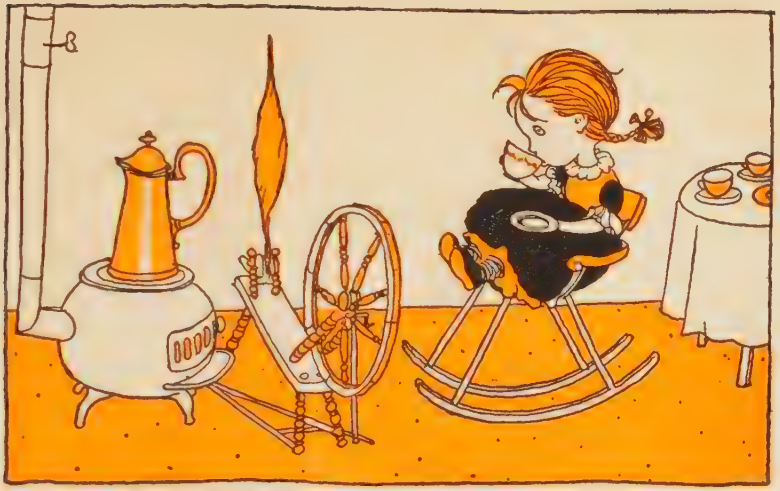
Make five tarts and number them.

Tell what is happening in this picture.

Jack Sprat would eat no fat.
His wife would eat no lean.
And so between the two
They kept the platter clean.



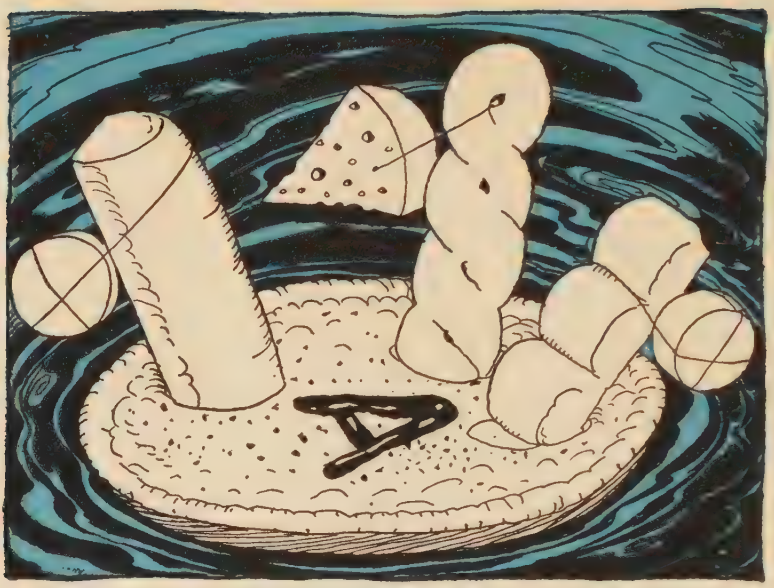
Make Jack Sprat and his wife.
Make a table.
Put a platter on it.



Cross Patch,
Draw the latch.
Sit by the fire and spin.

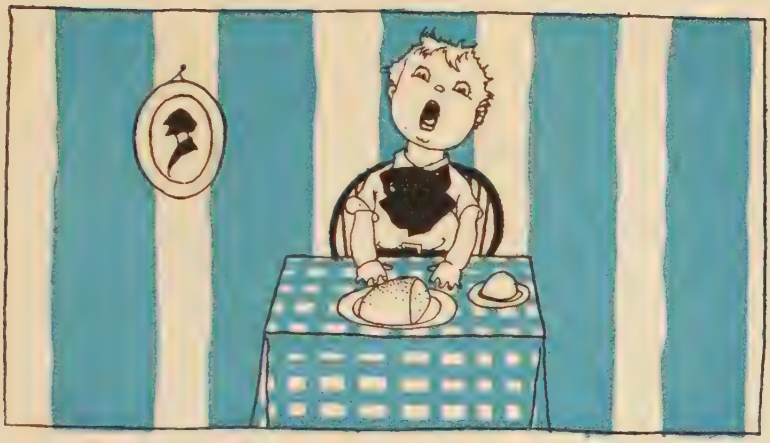
Take a cup,
And drink it up,
And call your neighbors in.

Draw two big cups.
Color one cup blue.
Color one cup yellow.



If all the world
Were apple pie,
And all the sea were ink,
And all the trees
Were bread and cheese,
What should we have to drink?

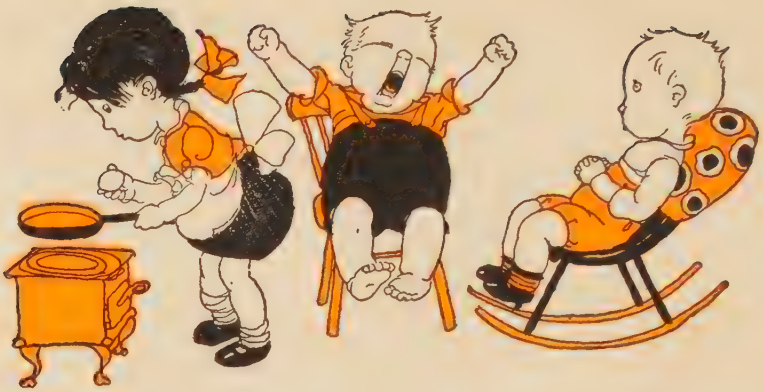
Draw a big apple pie.
Cut it for two boys and two girls.



Little Tommy Tucker
Sings for his supper.
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.

How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How can he marry
Without e'er a wife?

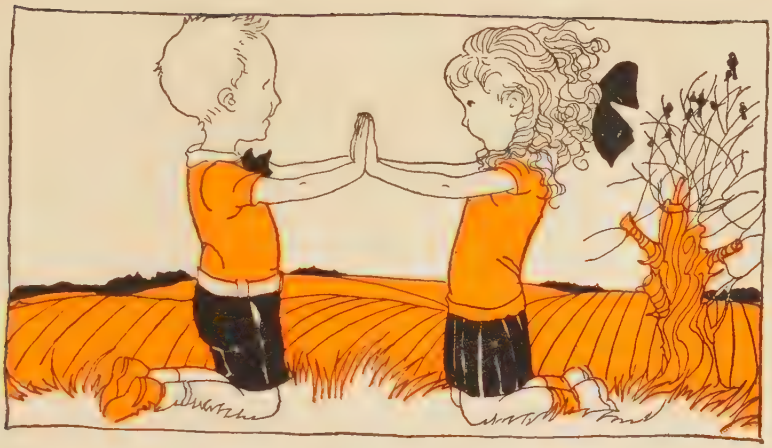
Make a knife.
Put your name on it.



"To bed, to bed!"
Said Sleepy Head.
"Not so fast,"
Said Slow.

"Put on the pan,"
Said Hungry Nan.
"Let us eat
Before we go."

Make a big black pan.
Put three eggs in it.



Peas porridge hot!
Peas porridge cold!
Peas porridge in the pot
Nine days old!

Some like it hot.
Some like it cold.
Some like it in the pot
Nine days old.

Play Peas Porridge Hot.

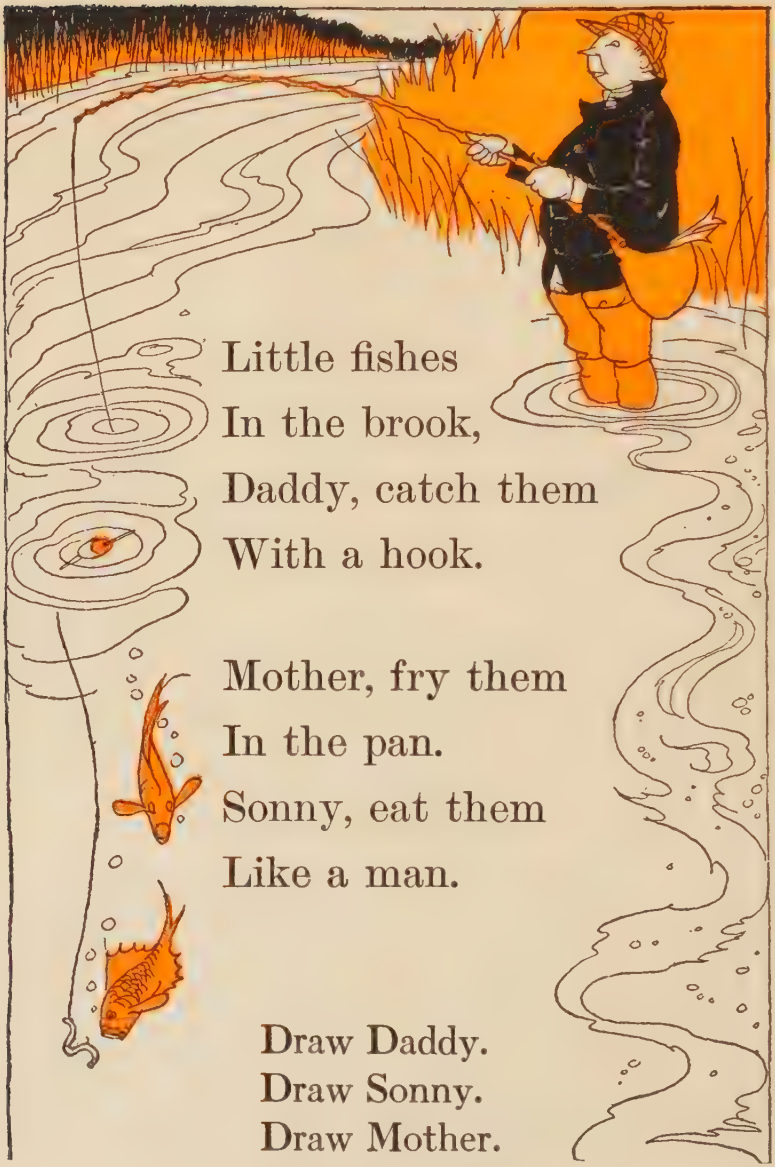
I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea.
And oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were candies in the cabin,
And apples in the hold.
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four and twenty sailors
That stood between the decks
Were four and twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back,
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! quack!"

Draw what you like best in this ship.



Little fishes
In the brook,
Daddy, catch them
With a hook.

Mother, fry them
In the pan.
Sonny, eat them
Like a man.

Draw Daddy.
Draw Sonny.
Draw Mother.
Cut out a fish.

Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
And let's drink tea.

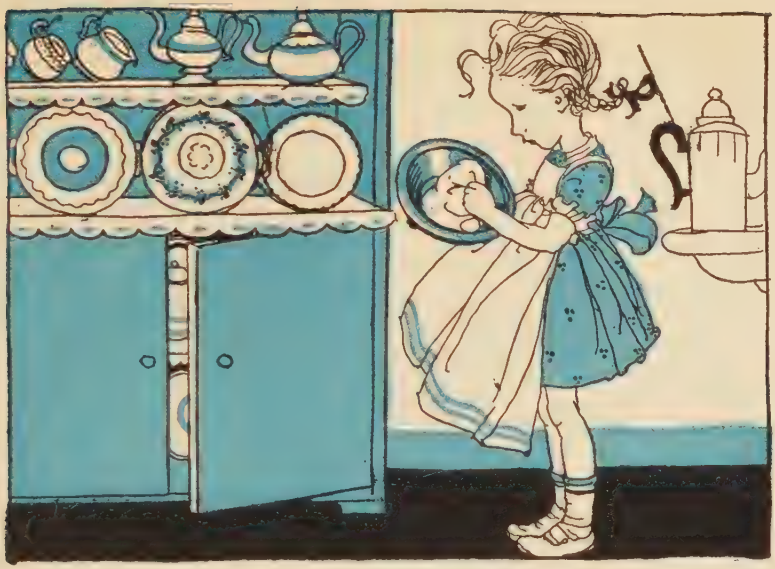
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
They've all gone away.

Make a table.
Put a kettle on it.
Put two cups on it.

Hot cross buns!
Hot cross buns!
One a penny, two a penny.
Hot cross buns!

Hot cross buns!
Hot cross buns!
If you have no daughters,
Pray give them to your sons.

Cut out ten hot cross buns.



Wash the dishes,
Wipe the dishes,
Ring the bell for tea.

Three good wishes,
Three good kisses,
I will give to thee.

Make a big bell.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye.
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing.
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money.
The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes.
Down came a blackbird,
And pecked off her nose.

Make four blackbirds.

Two legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap.
In comes four legs,
And runs away with one leg.

Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring one leg back.

Draw what two legs sat upon.

About Pets

There was a crooked man,
And he went a crooked mile.
He found a crooked sixpence
Upon a crooked stile.
He bought a crooked cat,
Which caught a crooked mouse.
And they all lived together
In a little crooked house.

Draw the crooked man's house.
Draw the crooked cat's mouse.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone.

But when she got there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

Cut out a bone for the dog.

Ride away, ride away!
Johnny shall ride.
He shall have Little Dog
Tied to one side.

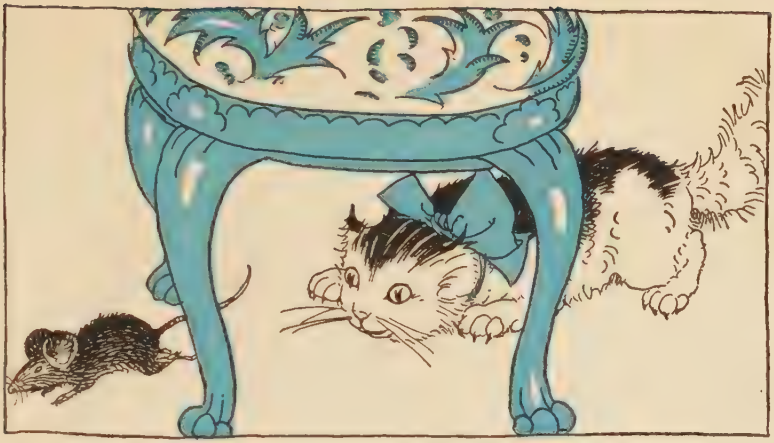
He shall have Pussy Cat
Tied to the other,
And Johnny shall ride
To see his grandmother.

Color Little Dog red.
Color Pussy Cat yellow.

Ding, dong, bell!
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Green.

Who pulled her out?
Little Tommy Trout.
What a naughty boy was that
To try to drown poor Pussy cat!

Draw Tommy Green and Tommy Trout.



"Pussy cat, Pussy cat,
Where have you been?"
"I have been to London
To see the Queen."

"Pussy cat, Pussy cat,
What did you there?"
"I frightened a little mouse
Under a chair."

Make a chair.
Put a little mouse under it.

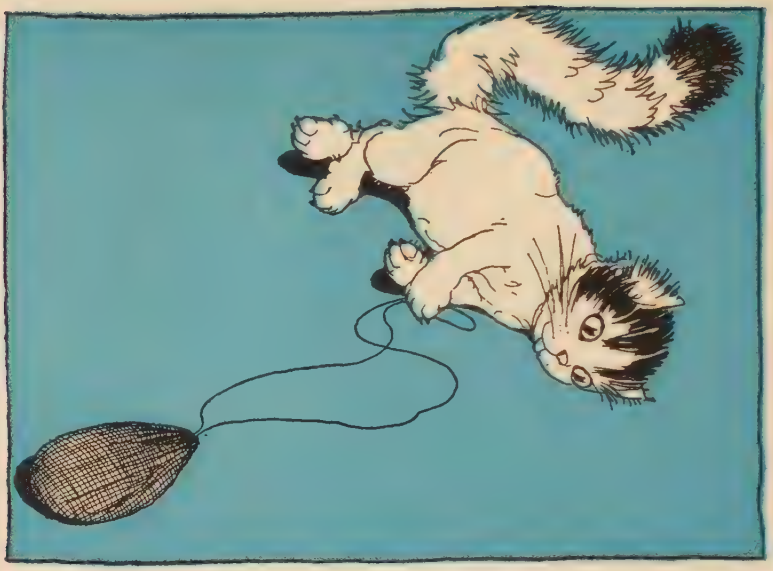
Find each dog and cat.

Bow, wow, wow!
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tommy Tinker's dog!
Bow, wow, wow!

Poor Cat Fright
Ran off with all her might,
Because the dog was after her.
Poor Cat Fright!

Poor Dog Bright
Ran off with all his might,
Because the cat was after him.
Poor Dog Bright!

How many dogs were there?
Color them.
Make up names for them.



Sing, sing!
What shall I sing?
The cat's run away
With the pudding-bag string!

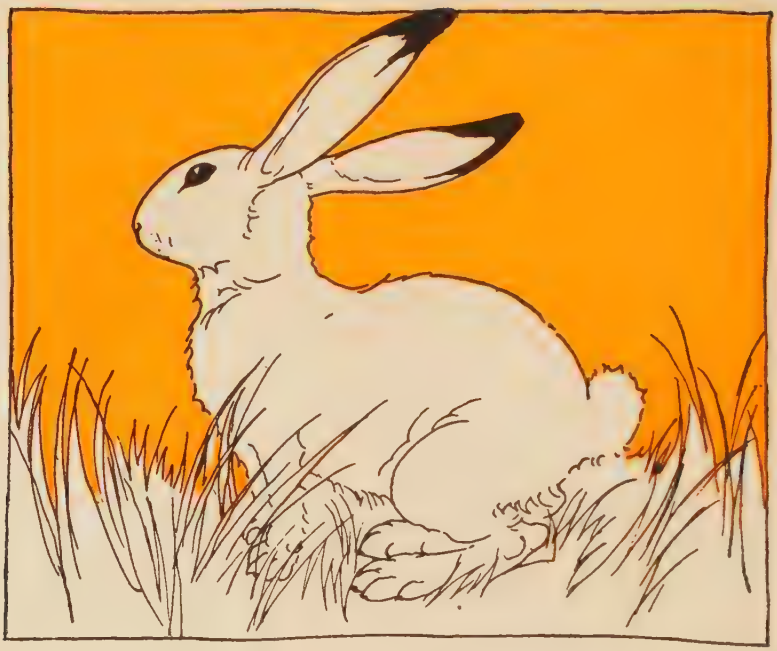
Do, do! What shall I do?
The cat has bitten it quite in two.

Draw a cat playing with a string.

I had a little pony.
I called him Dapple Gray.
I lent him to a lady
To ride a mile away.

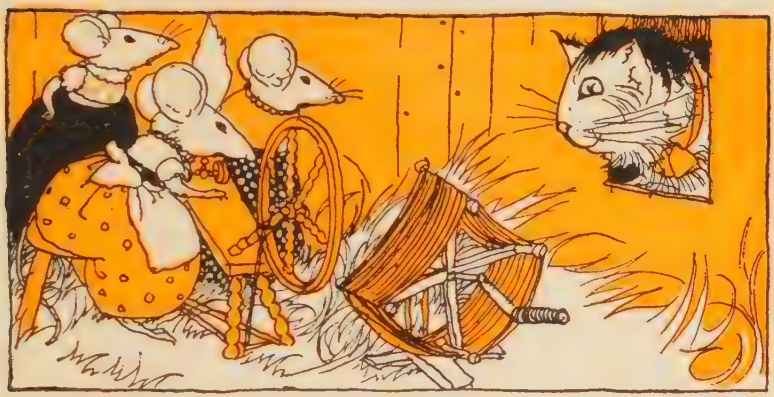
She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire.
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

Cut out a pony.



1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
I caught a hare alive,
6, 7, 8, 9, 10.
I let him go again.

Cut out a big rabbit.
Make ten little rabbits.
Number them from 1 to 10.



Some little mice sat
In a barn to spin,
Pussy came by,
And put her head in.

"Shall I come
And cut your threads?"
"No, Miss Puss,
You will bite off our heads."

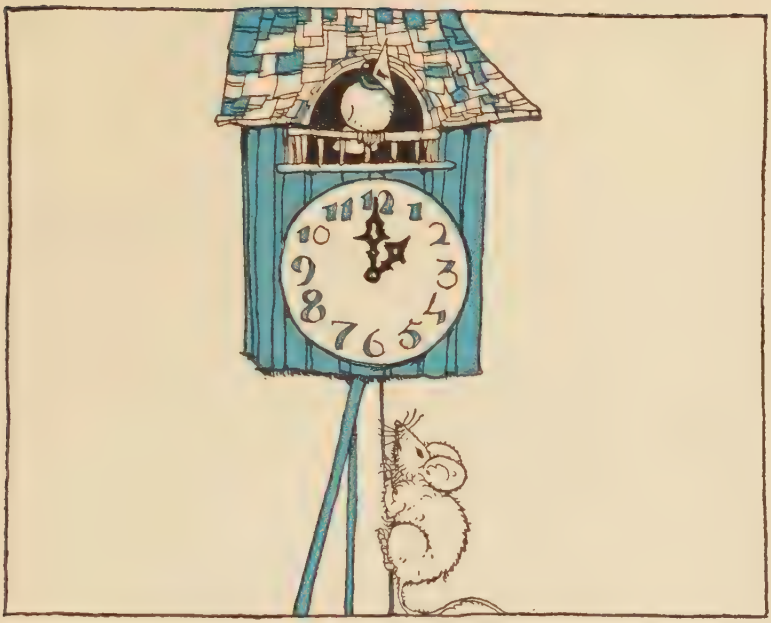
Draw three little mice.
Dress them up.

Three blind mice,
See how they run!

They all ran
After the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails
With a carving knife.

Did you ever hear
Such a thing in your life
As three blind mice?

Make a picture of this story.



Dickory, dickory, dock!
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one.
The mouse came down.
Dickory, dickory, dock!

Draw this clock.
Draw the little mouse on it.

About Grown-ups

There was an old woman
Lived under a hill.
And if she's not gone,
She lives there still.

What's the news of the day,
Good neighbor, I pray?
They say the balloon
Has gone up to the moon.

Make a big balloon seven colors.

One misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man
Clothed all in leather.

He began to compliment,
And I began to grin,
How do you do? How do you do?
How do you do? again.

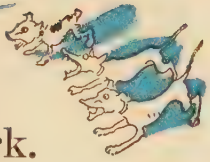
Draw the old man and a little girl.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise.
He jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratched out both his eyes.

And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.

Make a green bramble bush.
Draw a man jumping.

Hark! hark!
The dogs do bark.



The beggars have come to town.

Some in rags,
And some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns.

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives.
Every wife had seven sacks.
Every sack had seven cats.
Every cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?

Cut out a big black dog.
Color the cat with her seven kits.

Whichever way
The wind does blow,
Some heart is glad
To have it so.

Then blow it east
Or blow it west,
The wind that blows
That wind is best.

Draw a boy with his hat blowing off.

Doctor Foster
Went to Gloster
In a shower of rain.
He stepped in a puddle
Way up to his middle
And never went there again.

Rain, rain, go away.
Come again another day.
Little children want to play.

Evening gray
And morning red
Will bring down rain
Upon your head.

Draw the story that you like best.

Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat
Of an old nanny-goat,
I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring-a-ting tang,
And a ring-a-ting tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady
Ride on a white horse.

Rings on her fingers
And bells on her toes,
She shall have music
Wherever she goes.

Draw Robinson Crusoe or the fine lady.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame has lost her shoe.
My master's lost his fiddle-stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame has found her shoe,
And master's found his fiddle-stick.
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame will dance with you.
My master's found his fiddle-stick.
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

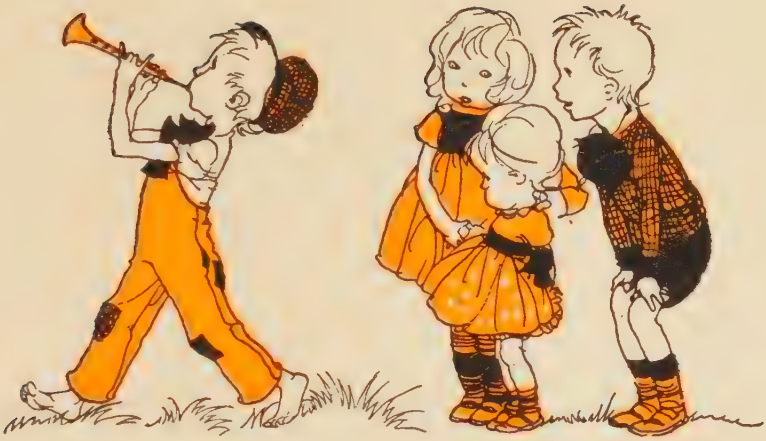
Cut out a fiddle and a fiddle-stick.

About Work

Rub-a-dub-dub!
Three men in a tub!
And who do you think were there?

The butcher, the baker,
The candle-stick maker,
And all of them going to the fair.

Cut out three men.
Cut out a tub.



Tom, Tom,
The piper's son,
He learned to play
When he was young.

He with his pipe
Made such a noise,
That he pleased all
The girls and boys.

Draw and color three boys and three girls.

There was an old woman
Tossed up in a basket,
Nineteen times
As high as the moon.

Where she was going
I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand
She carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman,
Old woman," said I,
"O whither, O whither,
O whither so high?"

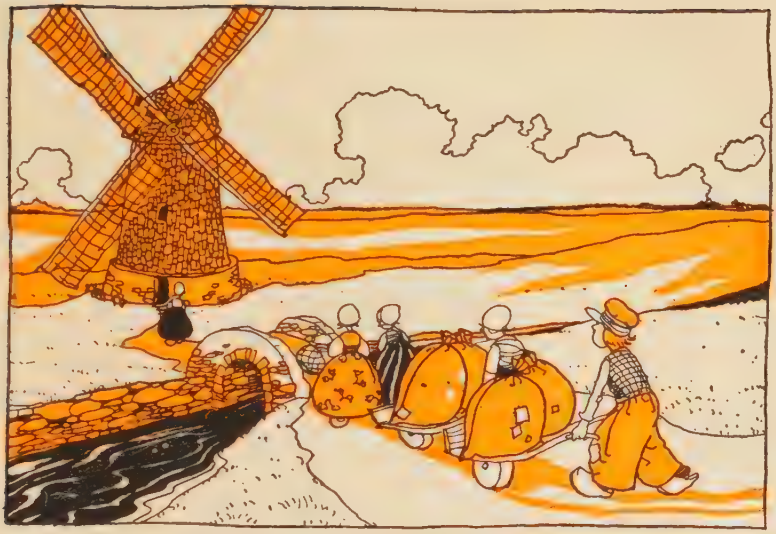
"To brush the cobwebs
Off of the sky!"
"Shall I go with you?"
"Ay, by and by."

Cut out a basket or a broom.

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.

He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

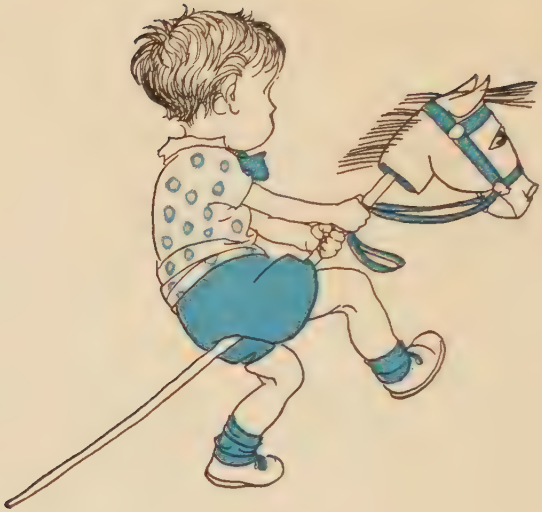
Play that you are Old King Cole.



Blow, wind, blow!
And go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn.

That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

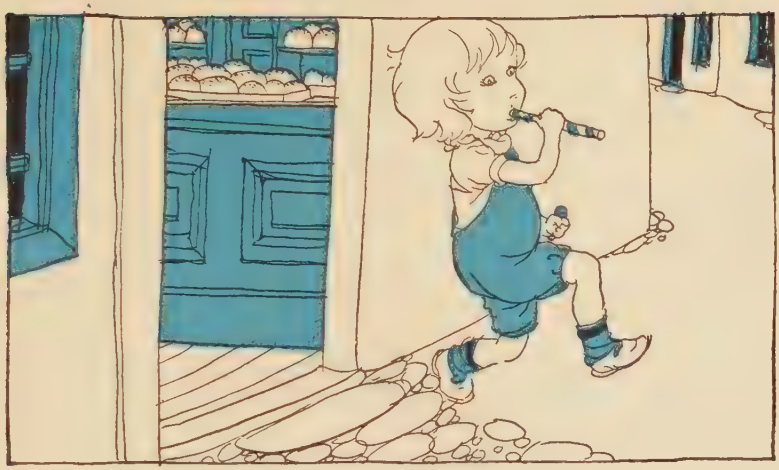
Play that you are the miller.
Play that you are the baker.



Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross
To see what Tommy can buy.

A penny white loaf,
A penny white cake,
And a two-penny apple pie.

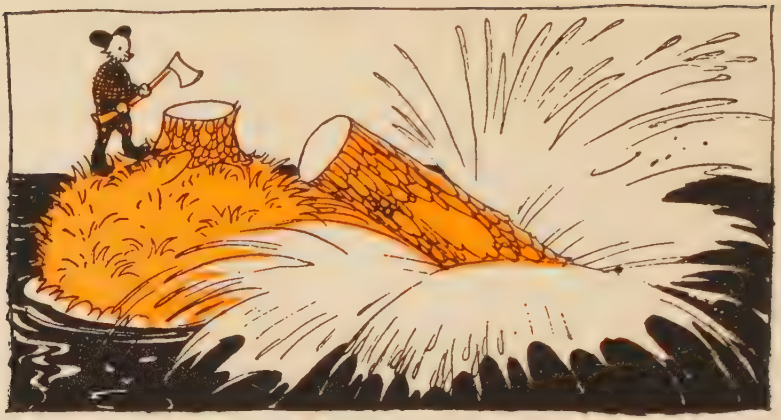
Make ten pennies.
Number them from 1 to 10.



Handy Spandy,
Jack-a-dandy,
Loves plum cake
And sugar candy.

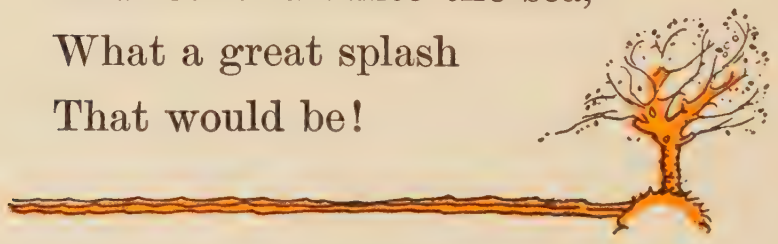
He bought some
At a grocer's shop,
And out he came,
Hop, hop, hop.

Draw five sticks of candy.
Color them five colors.



If all the seas were one sea,
What a great sea that would be!
If all the trees were one tree,
What a great tree that would be!

And if a man cut down that tree
And let it fall into the sea,
What a great splash
That would be!



Draw the great big tree
before it was cut down.

Mistress Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?

With silver bells,
And cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row.

Make a little garden.

Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair.
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Said the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale,
But all the water that he had
Was in his Mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle.
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

He went to catch a dickey-bird
And thought he could not fail,
Because he'd got a little salt
To put upon its tail.

He went for water with a sieve
But soon it ran all through
And now poor Simple Simon
Bids you all adieu.

Draw the picture that you like best.

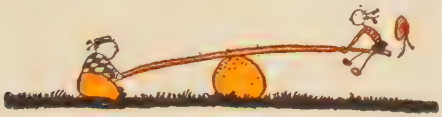
If I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry, "Old chairs to mend!
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend!"
I never would cry, "Old chairs to mend."

If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry, "Old clothes to sell!
Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell!"
I never would cry, "Old clothes to sell!"

Color three chairs and cut them out.

See-saw,
Marjorie Daw!
Jack shall have a new master.

He shall get
But a penny a day,
Because he won't work any faster.



Make paper dolls of Marjorie Daw and Jack.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"Oh, yes, if it please you, sir," she said.

"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid!"
"Nobody asked you, sir!" she said.

Play this.

Make paper dolls of the man and the maid.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

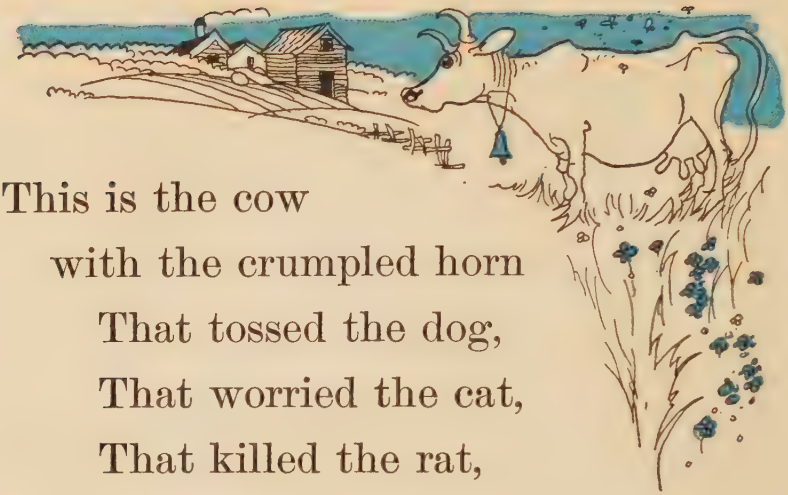
This is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

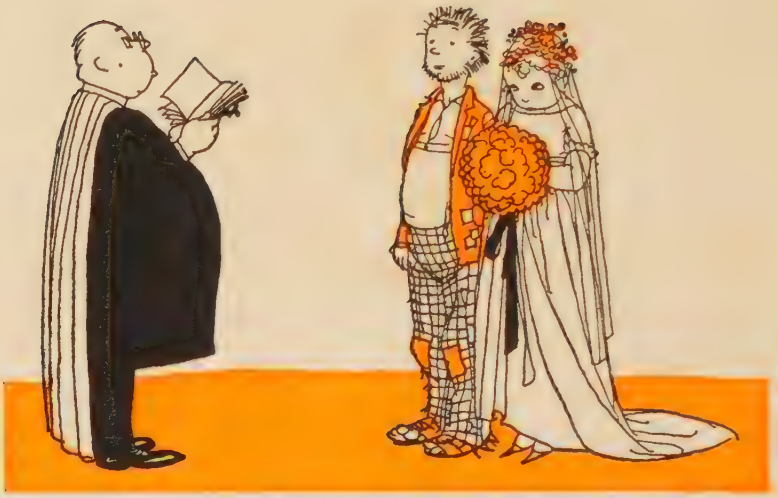


This is the cow
with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow

with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow
with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man
all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow
with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed
in the morn
That waked the priest,
all shaven and shorn,
That married the man,
all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow
with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing his corn

That kept the cock that
crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest
all shaven and shorn,
That married the man
all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow
with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

Make pictures of the three things
that you like best in this story.

A FROG HE WOULD A–WOOING GO

A frog he would
a-wooing go,
Whether his Mother
would let him or no.

So off he set
with his opera-hat,
And on his way
he met a Rat.

"Pray, Mr. Rat,
will you go with me,
Pretty Miss Mousey
for to see?"

Now they soon arrived
at Mousey's Hall,
And gave a loud knock,
and gave a loud call.

"Pray, Miss Mousey,
are you within?"
"Oh, yes, kind Sirs,
I'm sitting to spin."

"Pray, Miss Mouse,
will you give us some tea?
For Froggy and I
are fond of good cheer."

"Pray, Mr. Frog,
will you give us a song?
But let it be something
that's not very long."

"Indeed, Miss Mouse,"
replied Mr. Frog,
"A cold has made me
as hoarse as a hog."

"Since you have caught cold,"
Miss Mousey said,
"I'll sing you a song
that I have just made."

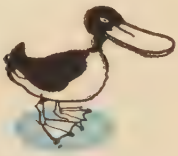
But while they were all
thus a merry-making,
A Cat and her Kittens
came tumbling in.

The Cat she seized
the Rat by the crown.
The Kittens they pulled
the little Mouse down.

This put Mr. Frog
in a terrible fright.
He took up his hat,
and he wished them good-night.

But as Froggy was crossing
a silvery brook,
A lily-white Duck came
and gobbled him up.

So there was an end
of one, two, and three,
The Rat, the Mouse,
and the little Frog-gee!



Draw Mr. Frog in his opera-hat.
Draw pretty Miss Mousey spinning.
Draw the Cat and her Kittens.
Draw the lily-white Duck.

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